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Doctor Merryman;

OR

Nothing but Mirth; A

BEING A

POESY

OF

PLEASANT POEMS

AND

WITTY JESTS.



PRINTED

at the Printing Office on the Long Row.

Doctor Merryman.



The Rifled Citizen.

A Citizen for recreation sake,
To see the country would a journey take
Some dozen miles, or little more,
Taking leave of friends two months before,
With drinking healths, and shaking hand also
As if to some new found land he would go,
Then taking horse, with very much ado,
London he leaving for a day or two,
And as he rideth, meeting on the way,
Such (what e'er thou hast) do bid man stay.
Sirrah, said one, stand! your purse deliver!
We are the takers, you must be the giver.
Unto a wood they straighway hawl'd him in
And rifle'd him unto the very skin;
Masters, hear me before you go,
For you have robb'd more than you know.
My horse in troth, borrow'd of my brother,
My bridle and saddle of another.
The jerkin and the cases be a sailor's,
The scarff I do assure it a tailor's.
The falling band is none of mine,
Nor cuffs, as true as this light doth shine.
The sattin doubtlet and the silken hose,
Are our churchwardens all the parish knows
The boots are John the grocers in the strand
The spurs are lent by a serving man.

(13)

One of the rings, that with the red stone,
In sooth I borrow'd of gossip Joan.
Her husband knows it not, kind gentlemen,
This is the case, pray shew some favor then.
Nay, said the thieves, what need you care,
Since in your loss, so many bear a share.
The times are bad, may good fellows lack,
Look not at this time for one penny back,
Go tell at London, that you met with four,
Who rifling you have robb'd half a score.

The Cheated Usurer:

A money-monger, choise of sureties had,
A country fellow plain, in russet clad;
His doublet mutton taffety, sheep skins,
His sleeves at hands fastened with two pins.
Upon his head a filthy greasy hat,
That had a hole eat thro' by a rat.
A leather pouch that with a naphounce shut
One hundred hob nails in his shoes were put.
The stockings that his clownish legs did fit
Were kersey to call, the other knit.
Then at a word, the apparel he wore,
Was not worth twelve pence, who bids more
The other surety of another stuff,
His neck environ'd with a double ruff,
Of lawn of cambric, such a common ware,
Whose doublet ier had falling bends to spare,
Whose fashion new with late edition stood!

Whose rapier hilt imbroid in golden blood.
 Now these trappings made him seem sound,
 To pass his credit for a hundred pound,
 So was accepted, russet coat deny'd,
 But when time come, the money to be paid,
 Old Monsier usurer did hunt him out,
 Strange alteration struck his heart in doubt,
 For in the Compter he was gone to dwell,
 And brokers had his painted cloaths to sell.
 And the usurer then he understands,
 The clown refus'd was rich in house and land
 Ready in rage to hang himself he swore,
 Silken knaves should couzen him no more.

The yongg Heir's wish.

A Wealthy miser's son upon a day,
 Met a poor youth that did beg and pray,
 Something in charity in his distress,
 Help, sir, quoth he, one that is fatherless,
 Sirrah. said he, away, begone with speed,
 I'll help none such, thou art a rogue indeed.
 Do you complain because you want a father?
 Were it my case it would rejoyce me rather,
 For if thy father's death makes thee repine,
 I would my father had excused thine.

The Dream expounded.

A Country fellow had a dream,
 Which did his mind amaze,
 And starting up he wakes his wife.

And thus to her he says :
 Woman rise and help your goose,
 For e'en the best we have,
 Is presently at point to die,
 Unless her life you save.
 On either side of her I see
 An hungry fox doth sit,
 But staying upon courtesy,
 Who shall take the first bit.
 Husband, if this be all,
 I can your dream expound,
 The perfect meaning of the same,
 I instantly have found.
 The goose between two foxes plac'd,
 Which in your dream you saw,
 Is you yourself, which proves a goose,
 In going still to law.
 On either side a lawyer sits,
 And they do feathers pull,
 That in the end you will be found,
 A bare and naked gull.
 Wife, in good troth; said he I think,
 Thou art just in the right ;
 My purse can witness to my grief,
 How they begin to bite.
 I do resolve another course,
 And much commend thy wit,
 And leave the goose's part to them,
 Who have a mind to it.

And if thou ever find that I
 To lawing humours fall,
 Let me be hanged at Westminster,
 Wife, I desert the hall.

The Fool Fitted.

A Crafty kind of knavish fool,
 Whereof there plenty be
 Did break his master's looking glass,
 And swore it was not he.
 The master did examine him,
 Demanding who it was?
 Sir, if you'll be content, said he,
 I'll tell you who it was.
 With that he led him into the hall,
 To fortune's picture there,
 Saying it was fortune did the deed,
 She ought the blame to bear.
 His master took a cudgel then,
 And belabours him withall;
 And crying out for mercy then,
 Before his feet did fall.
 Nay, said his master, it is not,
 To fortune you must speak;
 For even she that cudgels you,
 The glass before did break.

The

The Countryman Reproved: or the Subtle
Captain.

A Sort of clowns for losses they sustain'd
By soldiers, to the Captain complain'd,
With doleful word, and very doleful faces,
The desired him to commiserate their cases.
Pray sir, said one, do but redress our wrong,
Such that have done it unto thee belong.
Of all that e'er we had, we are bereft,
Except our very shirts there's nothing left.
The captain answers, fellows, hear but me,
My soldiers robb'd thee not, I plainly see;
At your first speech you made me very glad,
But your words resolved the doubts I had,
For those that rife you, left shirts you say,
And I am sure mine carry all away.
By this I know an error you are in,
My soldiers would leave nothing but the skin.

The Advising Father.

ONE dying left three sons,
Whom he advice did give;
Of what professions to make choise,
Whereby they best might live.
Unto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee;
I know as long as there be men,
Some wrangles still there'll be.

The c on d he did whist.
 A canon's life to chuse;
 For when others weep and mourn,
 Thou shalt thy singing use.
 And to the third he said,
 Physic is for thee fit,
 For earth still smother's all the faults,
 Physicians do commit.

The contending Barber and Mower.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
 With much ado before the strife did end,
 About the privelege that each claim,
 And thus the Barber did his reasons frame.
 I am the head of all trades that be,
 E'en kings must sit bare-headed unto me.
 The greatest monarch that on earth we find,
 Put off for me, Mower, you come behind.
 But he reply'd, Barber, in vain you jeer;
 I have the privilege exceed you far,
 For when by me the grass with sythe is shorn,
 Or that my sickle cutteth down the corn,
 Upon the stumps I boldly dare untruss,
 What Barber on his work can dare do thus.

The Conceited Humourist.

A Humourous fantastic as,
 Whose wit and wealth was spent,
 Did in all companies he came,
 Roast of his great descent,

And all the gentlemen he knew;
 Unto his blood were base :
 For he could prove from Noah's flood,
 His stock of royal race.
 Pray, sir, quoth one, take more pains
 In this same worthy thing,
 For it is most apparent plain,
 From that old house you spring,
 You may just prove your pedigree.
 From thence unto this hour,
 Your ancestors good masons were,
 That wrought on Babel tower.
 And were I, as your worship is,
 In spite of all bricklayers,
 I would have a trowel in my hand,
 A ladder, tray, and all.

The Railing Mountebank.

Gentlemen that come near my stall,
 To nice rare Physic I invite you all,
 Come here and harken what I have to tell,
 And deal with me all you that are not well.
 In this same box I have a precious stuff,
 To give it praise I have not words enough.
 If any humour in your heads be crept,
 I'll find it out as tho' your heads were swept,
 Almost thro' Europe I have shown my face,
 And wonders have perform'd in ev'ry place.
 Behold this salve! I do not chuse to lie,

Whole hospitals have been cured thereby
 I do not stand here like a tattered slave,
 My velvet and my chain of gold I have,
 Which cannot be maintained by mens looks
 Friends, all the town is not worth my book
 Here stand my coach and horses, tis my own
 From hence to Turkey is my credit known.
 In sooth I cannot boast as many will,
 Let nothing speak for me only skill.
 You see the things like gingerbread lie here,
 My tongue cannot expresse to any here,
 Such sundry virtues that it doth contain,
 Or number half the worms that it has slain.
 If in your bellies there are crawlers bred,
 In multitudes, like hairs upon your head,
 Within four hours space, or thereabouts,
 Of all the holes you have I'll serch 'em out,
 And ferret them before that I have done,
 Just like a hare that from a bush doth run.
 Here is a wondrous water for the eye,
 This for the stomach masters, wilt you buy?
 When I am gone you will repent too late,
 And then, like fools, among yourselves will
 prate,

O that we had that famous man again,
 He shall not be employ'd in France or Spain,
 And for a shilling you a box shall have,
 That will the lives of half a dozen save:
 My man is come, and in my hear he says,
 Go home, for me at least an hundred stays,

All gentlemen, yet for your good you see,
 I make them tarry and attend for know,
 Physic of alms upon you I'll bestow.
 What doctor in the world can offer more ?
 Such errant clowns I never saw before.
 Here you do stand like owls to gaze on me,
 But not a penny from you can I see.
 A man shall come to do such dunces good,
 And cannot have his meaning understood.
 To talk to senceless fools it is in vain,
 I'll see you hang'd ere I come here again,
 Be all deceased as bad as horses be,
 And die in ditches like dogs for me,
 An old wife's med'cine, parsley, thime and,
 sage,
 May serve such buzzards in this scurvy age,
 Goose grease & fennel, with a few dog dates
 Are excellent me'dcine for such dirty mates.
 Farewell, an hempen halter be your charm,
 And stretch your necks as long as my arm.

The Feeble Widower.

ONE came to wed a girl that was precise,
 And by the spirit did the flesh despise,
 Moving a secret match between them two,
 But she in sooth and fondness would not do,
 He did reply, so sweet and fair is she,
 Made of such stuff as all fair women be.

Taught by the laws of nature to be kind,
 And flew herself to bear a womans mind,
 Well sir, said she, you men do much prevail
 By cunning speeches and a pleasant tale,
 'Tis but folly to be over nice,
 You shall, but twenty shillings is the price.
 A brace of angels, if you will bestow,
 Come any time, I'm ready for the show,
 Well he took leave & with the husband met
 Told him by bond he was to pay the debt,
 Intreating him to do so good a deed,
 As lend him twenty shillings in his need,
 Which very kind this person did extend,
 And the other same on his wife did spend,
 So taking his leave he went his way,
 Meeting his creditor the next day,
 And said, Sir I was 'at home to pay
 The money you lent me the other day,
 So with your wife, as you was not there,
 I left it, Sir, with my rudeness bear.
 'Twas right, said he, I'm glad you did
 pleasure.

So he goes home and asks his wife at leisure
 I say sweetheart, was such a man with thee?
 And did he leave twenty shillings for me?
 She blush'd & said he had been there indeed
 But you do ill, husband, to lend indeed,
 The falsehood of the world you don't espy,
 It is not good to trust before we try,

Pray lend no more, for it may breed strife,
To let such fools come to pay thy wife.

The Crafty Fox.

A Crew of Foxes were on theiving set,
Together at a country hen roost met,
Where all the country went to greivous wreck
For here they eat until their guts did crack.
Having well supp'd, ready to go away,
Without demanding what there was to pay.
Said one of the rest, pray friends hark to me
Appoint where our next meetings to be
With all my heart, said one among the rest,
At such a farmer's, for his lambs are best :
Nay, said another, I do know a clown
Who has got the fatest geese in the town,
The master, said an ancient Fox, (cocks,
Who had been the death of many hens and
The surest place to meet, as I can tell,
Is at the skinner's shop so farewell.

The Careful Shepherd.

A Careful shepherd that good eye did keep
Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
Perceiv'd a wholf thro' the edge did pry,
Sirrah said he what makes you here so nigh,
Why, said the wolf, thou see'st I do no ill,
'T hy flock is far enough upon the hill,
Such justice now-a days the people lack,
The crow rides falsely on the cattles back.

And not a word you speak to them at all,
 Yet for looking on me doth brawl,
 The proverbs true for now I find it well,
 That once I heard my ancient granum tell,
 He that upon a bad name doth light,
 Is half hang'd, and may be hanged quite;
 And I myself by truth do now alledge,
 Some better steal than some look o'er a hedg

The Simple Clerks.

A Bishop met two priests upon the way,
 And did salure them with the time a day
 Good-morrow Clerks, to you both, said he,
 Sir they replied no clerks but Priests we be.
 Why, said the Bishop, then I will consent,
 Unto the title of your own content,
 Since you deny to carry scholars marks,
 Good-morrow priests that are no clerks.

Advice to Climbers.

ONE climbing up a tree mayhap,
 Fell down and broke his arm,
 And did complain unto his friend
 Of his unhappy harm.
 Would I had counsel'd you before,
 Said he to whom he spake,
 I know a trick for climbers,
 That hurt shall never take.

Neighbour; said he, I have a son,
 And he doth use to climb,
 Pray let me know the same for him,
 Against another time.

Why thus, quoth he, let any man
 That lives, climb e'er so high,
 And make no more haste down than up,
 No harm can come thereby.

The Witty Fool, or Foolish Gentleman.

AN aged gentleman sore sick did lie,
 Expecting life, who could not chuse but
 die,

His fool came to him, and entreated thus:
 Good master ere you go from us,
 Bestow on Jack, who oft has made you laugh
 Against he waxeth old, your walking staff.

I will, said he, go take it, there it is,
 But on condition Jack, it shall be this,
 If you do meet with any whilst you live,
 More fool than thee, to him the staff give.
 Master, said he, upon my life I will,
 But yet have hopes that I shall keep it still.
 As death drew near, faintness did proceed,
 His master called for advice with speed,
 For to prepare him unto heaven's way,
 The fool starts up and hastily did say,
 O master! master! take your staff again,
 That proves you the worst fool of us twain.
 Have you liv'd fourscore years and odd,

And all this time art unprepar'd for God;
 What greater fool can any meet withall,
 Who says he cannot come when god doth call
 And is to seek about his soul's estate,
 When death is opening the prison gate.
 Bear witness friends, I discharge my plan,
 Here, master, now take your staff again,
 Upon the same condition did I take it,
 According as you will'd me I forsake it,
 And over and above I will bestow,
 This epitaph, that will your folly show.
 "Here lies a man at death did heav'n claim,
 But in his life-time never sought the same."

The Simple Clown, or Crafty Soldier.

A Simple Clown in Flanders,
 As he a travelling had been,
 Having his wife in company,
 Came late into an inn,
 A Spanish soldier being there,
 A guest unto the place,
 No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,
 She had a comely face.
 And soon as they were gone to bed,
 Then boldly comes he,
 And never said, Friend, by your leave,
 But made the number three.
 The Clown lay still, and felt a stir,
 But durst not stir for life.
 At length his patience was so mov'd,

He softly jogg'd his wife,
 And said to her, Prithee intreat
 This Spaniard to be still.
 Can I speak Spanish, man quoth she,
 You know I have no skill;
 But husband, if you please to rise,
 And for the Sexton go,
 He understandeth Spanish well,
 I very well do know.
 Faith, and I'll fetch him streight, said he,
 And so the rustic goes,
 And softly sneaking to the door,
 About his message goes
 Mean time imagine what you will,
 To me it is unknown,
 But ere the husband came again,
 The Spaniard he was gone.
 Which when the simple man perceiv'd,
 He began to domineer;
 O wife, said he, for twenty pounds,
 I would he had been here.
 Tell me, sweetheart, when I was gone,
 How long the knave did stay.
 Quoth she, you scarce was out of door,
 Before he ran away.
 Wife quoth the Clown you make me laugh,
 That he did fear me thus;
 Come, let us take another nap,
 For his disturbing us.

You see what comes of policy,
 A good discretion, wife,
 If I had been an hasty fool,
 It might have cost my life.

The Canting Bawd, or Covetous Wife.

I Am a profest Courtezen,
 That lives by peoples sin:
 With half a dozen punks I keep.
 I have good comings in.
 Such store of Traders haunt my house,
 To find a lusty wench,
 That twenty Gallants in a week.
 Do entertain the French,
 Your Courtier and Citizen,
 Your very rustic Clown,
 Will spend an Angel on the pox,
 Even ready money down,
 I strive to live most like,
 And scorn those filthy queans,
 That do not rattle in their silks,
 And yet have able means.
 I have my dainty music plays,
 When I could take my rest;
 I have my serving men to wait,
 Upon me in blue coats.
 I have my oars to attend,
 My pleasure with their boats,

I have my champions that will fight,
 All in their red coats.
 To give my gloves unto a gull,
 Is a favor found ;
 When for the wearing of the same,
 It cost him twenty pounds.
 Wife. My garter is a precious thing,
 Another takes away.
 And for the same a silken gown
 The prodigal doth pay.
 Then came an Ass, and he forsooth,
 Is in such longing heat,
 My buskin-point e'en on his knees,
 He does with tears entreat.
 I grant it to rejoice the man,
 And then request a thing,
 Which is both gold and precious stones,
 The Woodcock's diamond ring.
 Another lowly minded youth,
 Forsooth my shoe-strings craves ;
 And that he puteth thro' his ear.
 Calling the rest base slaves.
 Thus fit we fools in humour still,
 That come to us in game :
 Punish them with venery,
 Leaving their purses lame.
 Now in Newgate some take lodgings up,
 'Till they to Tyburn ride,
 And others walk to Wood-street with,

A sergeant by their side.
 Some go to Houndsditch with their cloaths
 To pay for money lending;
 And some we send to Surgeon's shops,
 Because you lack some mending.
 Others pass ragged up and down,
 And tatter'd, rent and torn;
 But being in that scurvy state,
 Their companies I do scorn;
 For if they come and fawn on me,
 There's nothing to be got,
 As soon as e'er my merchants break,
 We swear we know them not,
 No entertainment nor a look
 Shall ever they get of me,
 If once we begin to perceive
 That out of cash they be,
 All kindnesse that I profess
 The fairest shews we make,
 The love of all comes to me,
 For gold and silver sake,
 To forward men I forward am,
 Most frank unto the free;
 But such as take their wares on trust,
 Are not to deal with me.
 The world is hard, all things are dear,
 Kind fellowship decays,
 And every one speaks profit not,
 In these same hungry days.

Altho' my trade it secret be,
 Unlawful to be known,
 Yet I will make the best I can,
 Of that which is my own.
 For seeing I do venture fair,
 At price of whipping cheer;
 I have no reason but to make
 My customers pay dear.
 Our charge beside is very great,
 To keep them fine and brave,
 A whore that goes not gallantly,
 Shall little doing have.
 Therefore all thiings consider'd well,
 Our charges and our danger,
 A daily friend shall pay as much
 As any term-time stranger.

The Cunning Savage.

A Savage creature chanc'd to come
 Where civil people dwelt,
 Whom they did kindly entertain,
 And courteous with him dwelt.
 They fed him with their choicest fare,
 To make his welcome known,
 And divers ways their humane love,
 Was to this wild man shown.
 At length the weather being cold,
 One of them blew his nails,
 The Savage asked why he did so?

And what his fingers nails,
 Marry, quoth he, I make them warm,
 They are both cold and dumb,
 And they sit them down to board
 When supper time was come.
 And that blew his nails before,
 Upon his broth did blow;
 Friend, says the savage what means this,
 I prithee let me know.
 My broth his very hot said he,
 And I cool them thus:
 Farewell, said he, this deed of thine
 For ever parteth us.
 Hast thou a breath blows hot and cold,
 Even at thy wish and will.
 I am not for thy company,
 So keep thy supper still
 And heat thy hands and cool thy broth,
 As I have seen thee do.
 Such double dealers as thyself,
 I have no mind thereto.
 But will return into the woods,
 Where I before have been,
 Resolving every double tongue
 Hath a hollow heart within.

The Foolish Beggars.

A Lusty beggar that was blind.
 But very strong of limb,

Agreed with one that was lame in leg,
That he could carry him.

And 'tother was to guide the way,
For he had perfect sight.

So as they chanc'd to pass along,

The cripple that had eyes,
Sitting upon the blind man's back,

On ground an oyster spies.

Stoop, take the oyster up, said he,

Which at thy feet lies there;

And so he did, and put in

The scrip that he did wear,

But going on a little way,

Said cripple to the blind,

Give me the oyster you took up,

I have thereto a mind.

Not so, said t'other, by your leave,

In vain you do entreat it,

For sure I keep it for myself,

And do intend to eat it,

I'll have it Sir, the cripple swore,

Who spy'd it thou or I?

that I had not seen or spake,

It might have lain till now.

is no matter, said the blind,

Thou know'st it might have lain,

And I not stoop'd to take it up,

Therefore it shall be mine.

And thus they warmly fell to words,

And out in choler break,
 With you lame rogue, and you blind knave,
 Not caring what they speak.
 At length it happened one came by,
 And heard them thus contend,
 And did entreat them both that he
 Might this disorder end.
 They yield, and said, it shall be so :
 Then they enquiring all,
 Did hear the harrangue, and how about,
 An oyster makes this strife,
 The blind man gave it him,
 Then he present drew a knife,
 And opening it eat up the same,
 Giving them each a shell,
 And said, good fellows, pray be friends,
 I have your fish; farwell.
 The beggars both deluded thus,
 At their own folly smil'd,
 And said, one crafty subtle knave
 Has two great fools beguil'd.

F I N I S.



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